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MARSLE HILL . . MISSOURI.

THE steward of a New York club has invested a new sandwich. It is feared that it is an infringement on the Good

In nearly all the European countries the government has either an entire ly of the tobacco businelse raise large sums by way of excess and customs duties.

THE influence of a good caricature whether for good or evil, is only fully inted by those who have been its ims. They only are familiar with its corroding bitterness.

A SUCCESSFUL dairyman for many years gives it as his conclusion that s well-fed cow that does not earn her entire value in a single year is not worth keeping in the dairy.

THERE has been so much smuggling into New York of late by vessels coming through Hell Gate and along the sound that Uncle Sam is going to patrol the sound with two revenue cutters. Hell Gate has long needed a patrol.

STANLEY discovered an extension of a lake, a range of mountains, an almost impenetrable forest, numerous tribes of hostile Africans, and tons of elephant tusks in the heart of the dark continent. The tusks are valuable.

THE peculiar kind of talent that is always available when anything especially base is to be defended, is quite able to make the remedy of the plantiff much worse than the injury complained of, and no man resorts to it

THERE is a conflict of petitions in China. The authorities of Amoy forbade the killing of pigs for three days to propitiate the gods and induce them to send rain, but without avail. Then they stopped the killing of fowls for three days.

Ir is probable that all other causes put together are not so prolific of divorce among the class in which it commonly takes place, as the fact that its women are brought up on novels of a low grade as their habitual and almost only reading.

. Ir would seem impossible for any candid mind to discover in a service of five years in our army, sufficient cause for the discontent that would account for the numerous desertions constantly taking place, and, in truth, it does not he with the army, but rather with the

FORTUNE hunting is not confined to the male branch of humanity. It is equally a failure with the gentler sex. And it must be confessed, if the observer of the drift of society is to record the truth, that women carry fortune and title hunting to a greater extreme

Russia, although in many respects a semi-barbarous nation, is making stendy progress in civilization. The announcement is made that the infliction of corporal punishment on peasants is to be abolished in the Baltic provinces. It has been the custom to employ the lash for petty offenses or as a means of extracting rent or taxes.

Ir is undeniable that, outside of a certain limited class of scholarly and thoughtful people, the great majority of all who read anything except the newspapers, read books of this description. The statistics of popular and circulating libraries show that seventyfive per cent of all the books taken out are novels of recent production.

THE popular but highly erroneous notion that nut trees are very difficult to transplant has been the bugbear that has kept back many from planting The trees may be transplanted nuts. Not trees may be transplanted tree with ordinary care but it is better to grow your own trees in the nursery than to transplant wild trees from the

THE Chinamen in New York are threatening to depart utterly out of the great Babel and to form a new community just on the outskirts, beraising their rents. They are quite capable of carrying out their threat and establishing a town of several thousand persons, "heathen Chinee" in everything.

AMERICANS are far behind the Eupeans in the matter of selection, lanting and caring for street trees in our large cities and rural districts. nterest has been taken in this work, however, during the past few years, and there is every hopeful sign hat our roadsides will in time be as cautiful as some of the famous streets and avenues of the older countries of

ded to have the gift of learn-

- EWALLOWE

low; railows fly high, the swallows fly

long; swallows are singing their farewe song; They sing of land where they long to be, Of andless summers far over the sea.

O sunshine! O swallows! Sweet summ Ye sing to my heart of youth's gold And distance and death, and long years be tween, Recede with their joys and their sorrows keen: And tender eyes lingeringly rest on me Loved eyes that on earth I shall no mo

For spring brirgs the swallows year's nest. And world-weary hearts wander home to rest.

No home like the old of sunshine and dew;
No faces so dear, no heart so true!
Whenever, wherever my feet may roam,
My heart turns with love to my childhood's

# Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER II.

My mother's story made impression on me; and from that time two ideas were clearly fixed in my mind—one that uncle Archie was a much more interesting person than I had hitherto thought him; the other that at some, I hoped distant, day 1, Irene Gerrard, should surely be mistress of the grand old house that I loved very honestly and sincerely on its own merits alone.

I will do myself the justice to say that I kept the last idea as much as possible in the back ground of my thoughts, and never allowed even mother to discuss my future greatness with me; but nevertheless the thought of it olored my whole life, and, when Dick Martineau asked me to marry himwhich he did quite suddenly at a tennis party one day—I—well, when I had ceased to feel dazzled and confused and taken by storm, and quite absurdly happy-I began to think of uncle Archie, and to wonder what he would say to such a match for the last of the Gerrards-for every one in Ludleigh knew that Dick was as poor as he was good looking.

I suppose my troubled thoughts

were expressed pretty plainly in my face; for Dick said suddenly, in a tone of anxiety that was in striking contrast to the happy laugh in his blue

"Are you repenting already, that you look so portentously grave, Miss Irene Gerrard? Do you wish to withdraw that sweet little admission I extracted just now, and substitute a cool. Oh, if you please, sir, it was all a mistake-I rather dislike you than

I laughed outright at this, though my cheeks grew hot under the tender triumph of his gaze.

"You are talking nonsense now I said, shaking my head ruefully. "You know I like you, Mr. Martin-

He bared his sunny head, gave

"You are too good, Miss Gerrard Believe me, I reciprocate the feeling' with mock fervor and theatrical emphasis, for which he deserved to have his ears boxed at least; and I suppose he thought so himself presently, for, when he found I did not speak, he came a little nearer, and said in his softest and most persuasive tone, Have I offended you, Irene? it possible, my darling, that that monstrous supposition is founded on fact -that you really wish to unsay the words that made me so happy just now P"

"No, no! Oh, Dick, you know its not that!" I answered, half laughing, half crying in my wild hysterical alarm; for, soft as his voice was, there was an expression of sternness in his eves-for good or ill, Dick Martineau was a strong man, not to be trifled or dealt lightly with in any

way. "What is it then, Irene?"—seizing my tands and forcing me to meet his carnest, steadfast gaze. "Do you think Mrs. Gerrard will objectrefuse to give you to me?"

'No; mother likes you so much I am sure she will be glad," I answered shyly, but with absolute sincerity; and Dick drew me to him with a contented laugh.

"Then, if you and Mrs. Gerrard are on my side, there is no one else to fear, Irene?"

"Oh, yes, there is-uncle Archie. He has such strange ideas." "I know he is a confirmed woman

Dick broke in mirthfully. "But will he insist on your turning man-hater to keep him company, "No, no—you do not understand!" I replied, a little fretfully; and Dick's

tone changed at once. He clasped rard's possible objection to me."
my hands firmly and looked steadily "Irene's fate is in his hands," and keenly at my face.
"Perhaps I do, Irene. Shall I state

the case from your point of view? Your uncle Archie is a very rich man and you are his heiress, if he choose make you so." "Dick," I interrupted eagerly, for

all at once I seemed to see my own thoughts and actions in a new and able light - "Dick, you are despicable light — "Dick, you are cruel! It is not that—not only that."

"I know it is not only that, my dear," he answered, with a sudden tightening pressure of his strong kind hands. "If it were, you would not be the girl I love so dearly, my beautiful true-hearted Irene. But there is something of "that' in your thoughts,

He stated the case as against h self and me with such perfect simplicity and frankness that it hardly sed diffcuit to answer and agree with him.

"It is quite possible he may."
"And if he does? What shall you answer, Irene, if he tells you I am a "Oh. Dick." I exclaimed in pass

ate indignation, "I think you may trust me to answer such a charge as "To answer? Yes. But will you

do more—will you help me to disap-prove it? I am not asking a little thing or putting your love to a light test; but you and I must understand each other once for all. Suppose your uncle bids you choose between udleigh Hall and me-what answer will you give him then, Irene?" My heart beat so violently for a few

minutes that I felt quite confused and giddy; and then I knew-knew that here was no choice left for me to It would cost me a cruel pang for me to give up that life long dream of reigning at Ludleigh Hall; but to give up Dick-I would sooner give up

With a laughing cry I put my hands upon my lover's breast and raised my lips to his; and Dick took the answer word.

After that we talked the matter over in a sensible, practical fashion as we strolled home together. Having put the possible worst before me it the strongest and most convincing way, Dick was disposed to take rather optimist views of our position and Uncle Archie's probable behavior towards us.

"I quite agree that a duke would be no more than your merits,' Miss Gerrard," he said with the affectionate laughing glance I found it so hard and yet so sweet to meet; "but, unluckily, dukes do not abound in this corner o the world, and so-"

"And we must not put up with such small deer as fortune does send in our way. Mr. Martineau, fortunately am lowly minded, and do not ask much of fate." He laughed, and then rejoined more

arnestly-"After all, so long as we have faith in each other, nothing matters much. We shall have the bread and cheese to start with, dear; and afterwardswho knows?-all the prizes in my profession may fall to my share; I will not despair of winning anything when

once I have won you. His voice softened with inexpressible pride and fondness as he uttered the last word. We had reached our garden gate then; and, as as walked into the cool shady sitting-room where mother sat placidly doring, with the work-basket full of colored silks beside her and the kitten comfortably curled up in her lap. I was blushing so vividly, and looking, I am sure, so happy, that her suspicions were awakened at once.

she cried, blinking at us as though something in our appearance dazzled "Have you been walking her eyes. too fast, child, or-or is anything the mat'er?" "Neither," answered Dick in his

"Irene and-and Mr. Martineau!"

usual mirthful fashion, that did not admit of fencing or delay. "Irene and I have some hing to tell you, Mrs. Gerrard—or perhaps you guess?" "Irene?" mother echoed, in a half

stupitied tone, gazing in an odd mixture of alarm and admiration at the bold young stranger who made so free with her daughter's name "Yes, Irene-my Irene;" Dick an-

swered, unabashed. "She has given herself to me, Mrs. Gerrard; and you, hope, will confirm the gift." He seized her hand, looking so eager and handsome that I knew

mother, if she had ever wavered, would be completely won. She looked at him and at me, shook her head, sighed, smiled and said-"Since you seem to have settled

things between you, Mr. Martineau, do not know that there is much left for me to say." "Yes, you can make us both very happy by saying just these few words - Dick, I can trust you with Irene;

make her as happy as she deserves to And mother-bless her!--actually did repeat the words he dictated as obediently as a little child, and, when she had finished, kissed us both, saying

fervently-"You must not rob me of a daughter, Dick; you must let me gain a son. Irene and I have always been so much to each other, were so alone in the world that— Why, bless you, child, I had forgotien!"

The last words were uttered in changed and terror-stricken tone. Mother's pretty face had lost all its fresh color; her blue eyes wore an expression of startled and conscious guilt. I knew what turn her thoughts had taken, and so did Dick; but we both left the task of explanation to

"We had all forgotten your Uncle Archie," she said, with a pitcous sigh. "My dear Irene, how terribly impru-

dent we have been!" "Less so than you think, Mrs. Ger rard,"Dick broke in cheerily. "Irene and I have already discussed Mr. Ger-

mother muttered dolefully; whereat Dick and I exchanged glances, I shook my head in silent protest, and Dick answered in a cheerful confident tone: "Not quite. I think. But we will not ride out to meet troubles. Mr. Gerrard may, after all, approved me, and have faith in my future; or, if he

does not----The sentence seemed finished though be said no more than that; and though he said no more than that; and we soon fell to talking of other things in as easy, cozy and comfortable a manner as though we three—mother, he and I—had occupied our present positions to each other for years rather than hours.

We agreed on many things before we parted that night—among others, that Dick should write to unole Archie, who was then at Paris, telling him the whole story of our engagement frack.

ay not have the husband of her

respectable old maid."
"Irene!"—"Mother darling!"
We looked at each other for a few
moments, and mother's eyes were
filled with dismay; then I drew my
stool up beside her chair as I used to
do when I was a little child, as she liked me to do still when we were alone together, and, leaning my arms on her lap, looked up into her dear kind old face.

"Mother dear, this is not a joke-it s a matter of life and death to me!" I said earnestly. "I hope uncle Archie will be kind; I hope he will under-stand; but if he does not—if he makes me' choose between the Hall—and Dick, I shall let the Hall go."

Mother was very good to me then. My words, I know, struck like an axe at the very root of the one cherished nope of her life; but she did not scold or try to change my purpose in any way; she just gave one quick-searching glance, then bent her head and kissed me, saying gently-"Indeed, my dear, I hope your nocle will be kind. All we can do now

just to wait and hope." We did wait-not too hopefully, I think-for about a week; and then mcle Archie's letter came—a letter that electrified us all, and gave poor

nother a shock from which she found hard to recover. Letter, I have said; but there were etters for us all. How well I remem per the afternoon they came! Dick and I had been making languid halfhearted attempts to play a game at tennis; but the weather was very hot, and we were too restless and excited to settle steadily to anything in those days. It was a relief to us both, I think, when

citedly waving a couple of envelopes.
"From uncle Archie, Dick!" I cried s I threw my racquet down and ran mother at once.

Dick followed slowly, and stood at

nother appeared in the verandah ex-

the foot of the steps, looking up at us with a deep flush on his bronze skin and an eager light in his blue "I would not open the letter till you

ame," said mother, with a tremulous "There is one for you, Irene, and one directed here for Dick. hink it is a happy argury that he hould write to us all-don't you?" "Open your letter and see. You shall tell us the news, dear," I cried,

endeavoring to subdue my own intense excitement as I began to feel to little nervous about her. Mother was never over-strong, and I had got into a habit of watching her carefully now. As she glanced over the closelywritten flimsy sheet of foreign noto-paper, I watched her pretty face closeand saw it change in a curious fashion. Surprise, bewilderment, and then startled incredulous anger, were in turn reflected there; then suddenly she started to her feet, trembling, her

face deathly pale.

"Irene, what does it mean? Your incle must be mad!" she cried vehemently.

I began to tremble too, and turned appealingly to Dick, who had been quietly reading his own letter, and who increased my wonder by no means dissatisfied with its contents. He came forward at once, and answered mother's question him-

## TO BE CONTINUED.

Periodic Headache.

The causes of many forms of headche are as yet little understood. It is claimed, however, by Dr. A. Haig, is directly due to the retention of urio acid in the system. He describes the

usual sequence of events as follows: There is a time (say seven to ten-days) of good general health, active nutrition and bodily activity, with plus formation of urle acid and uren. and concomitant rise in acidity. cidity rises, uric scid comes to be retained and at the end of four or five days several grains may be regarded as stored up in the liver or spleen. Then come dyspepsia, gastro-intesti-nal catarrh, and hepatic congestion. These quickly result in general diminution of absorption and nutritive changes, with lessened formation of uric acid and ures and a fall in acidity, there comes a rush of the stored uric acid into the blood, and the head-

ache begins. Such a sequence explains the periodicity of this kind of headache and the way in which it comes to occur every week or ten days for many years, varying only in degree with the corresponding variations in nutri-tion, It is also evident that any causes which affect digestion will influence the attack in one of the above ways; while all causes of debility, by weakening the nerve center on which the uric sold acts, will render it more ensitive (the reverse of the action of romides) and the attacks more fre-

The good efects of salicylic acid and the salicylates generally in this variety of headache are due to the circumstance that they facilitate the excretion of uric acid, and thus preent the retention of excessive amount within the body.

Nothing can be happler and more peaceful than the life at Sandringham, and whether alone or entertaining their friends the Prince and Princess of Wales are an ideal host and host. of Wales are an ideal host and hostme. They do not, as a rule, appear
at breakfast; but shortly after eleven
clock they come down and spend the
cest of the day with their guests. In
winter luncheon is generally taken at
come cottage near where skating is
going on, and the Princess and guests
cle the statem and walk with them
offer luncheon is over. Ton is always
undy in the hall at five o'clock, and

## THE SKY ANTHEM

Dr. Talmage's Christmas Sermon in Holy Land, at Beyrout.

It Seems to Him That the Crown of Royalty and Dominion and Power Was Hung on

On Christmas Eve., Rev. T. De Witt On Caristmas Eve., Rev. T. De Wilt Taimage preached to a group of friends at Beyrout on "The Sky Authem." His text was Luke ii, 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goot will to-ward men," on which he delivered the foilowing discourse:
At last I have what I longed for,
Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This

Christmas eve in the Holy Land. This is the time of year that Christ landed. He was a December Christ. This is the chill air through which he descended. Hook up air through which he deacended. Hook up through these Christmas skies, and I see no loosened star hastening southward to halt above Bethlehem, but all the stars suggest the Star of Bethlehem. No more need that any of them run along the sky to point downward. In quietude they kneel at the feet of him who, though once an exile, is now enthroned forever. Fresh up from Bethlehem, I am full of the sceues suggested by a visit am full of the scoues suggested by a visit to that village. You know that whole region of Bethlehem is famous in Hible region of Bethlehem is famous in Hible story. There were the waving harvests of Boaz, in which Ruth gleaned for herself and weeping Naomi. There David the warrior was thirsty, and three men of unheard of self denial broke through the Philistine army to get him a drink. It was to that region that Joseph and Mary came to have their names enrolled in the census. That is what the Scripture means when it. That is what the Scripture means when i says they came "to be taxed," for people did not in those days rush after the asses sors of tax any more than they now do.

The village inn was crowded with the strangers who had come up by the command of government to have their names it the census, so that Joseph and Mary were obliged to lodge in the stables. You have

seen some of those large stone buildings, the center of which the camels are ke while running out from this center in all directions there were rooms, in one of which Jeaus was born. Had his parents which Joseph was born been more showly apparoled I have no doubt they would have found more comfortable entertainment. That night comfortable entertainment. That night in the fields the shepherds, with crook and kindled fires, were watching their flocks, when hark! to the sound of voices strange-ly sweet. Can it be that the maidens of Bethlehem have come out to screente the Bethiehem have come out to serenate the weary shepherds! But now a light stoops upon them like the morning, so that the flocks arise, shaking their snowy fleece and bleating to their drowsy young. The heavens are filled with armies of light, and the earth quakes under the harmony as, echoed back from a cloud to cloud, it rings over the midnight hills: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!" It seems that the crown of royalty and dominion and power which Christ left behind him hung on the sky in sight of Bothichem. \ ho knows but that that crown may have been mistaking by the wise men for the star

running and pointing downward!

My subject, in the first place, impresses
me with the fact that indigence is not always significant of degredation. princes are born, heralds announce it, and cannon thunder it, and flags wave it, illuminations set cities on it tidings. Some of us in fire with t America remember the time of rejoicing when the Prince of Wales was
born. You can remember the gladness
throughout Christendom at the nativity in
the palace at Madrid. But when our
glorious Prince was born, there was no reolding on earth. Poor and growing poorer yet the heavenly recognition that Christmas night shows the truth of the proposition that indigence is not always significant of degradation.

In all ages there have been great hearts

throbbing under rags, tender sympathies under rough exterior, gold in the quartz. Parian marble in the quarry, and in every stable of privation wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host. All the great deliverers of literature and of nations were born in homes without affluence, and from their own privation learned to speak and fight for the oppressed. Many a man has held up his pine knot light from the wilderpess until all nations and generations have seen it, and off of his hard crust of penury ligion for the starving millions of the race. lizion for the starving millions of the race.

Poetry, and science, and literature, and commerce, and laws, and constitutions, and liberty, like Christ, were born in a mauger.

All the great thoughts which have decided the destiny of nations started in obscure corners, and had Herods who wanted to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and rabbles that crucified them, and sepulchers that conlined them until they burst forth in clorious resurres. until they burst forth in glorious resurrec-tion. Strong character, like the rhododen-dron, is an Alpine plant, that grows fastest in the storm. Men are like wheat, worth all the more for being fialled. Some of the most useful people would never have come to positions of usefulness had they not been ground and pounded and hammered in the foundry of dieaster. When I see Moses coming up from the ark of bulrushes to be the greatest lawgiver of the ages, and Amos from tending the herds to make Israel tremole with his prophecies, and David from the sheepcote to sway the poet's pen and the king's scepter, and Peter from the fishing net to be the great preacher at the Pentecost, I find proof of the truth of my proposition that indigence is not al-ways significant of degradation.

ways significant of degradation.

My subject also impresses me with the thought that it is while at our useful occupations that we have divine manifestations. Had those shepherds gone that night into Bethlehem and risked their flocks among the wolves, they would not have beard the song of the angels. In other words, that man sees most of God and beaven who minds his own business. We all have our ways of duty and standing

would be a great deal better than I am now." You are mistaken. Generally the best people are the busy people. Elisha was plowing in the field when the proph-etic mantle fell on him. Mathew was atette mantie fell en him. Mathew was at-tend ng to his custom house duties when Christ commanded him to follow. James and John were mending their nets when Christ called them to be fishers of men. Christ called them to be fishers of men. Had they been snoring in the sun Christ would not have called their indolence into the apostloship. Gideon was at work with the fiall on the threshing floor when he saw the angel. Saul was with great fatigue hunting up the lost asses when he found the crown of Israel. The prodigal son would never have reformed and wanted to have returned to his father's house if he had not first gone into business, though it was swine feeding. Not once out of a hundred times will a lazy man become a Christian. Those who have nothing to do are in very unfavorable cirothing to do are in very unfavorable cir-

nothing to do are in very unfavorable circumstances for the receiving of divino
manifestations. It is not when you are in
fideness, but when you are, like the Bethlehem shepherds, watching your flocks,
that the glory descends and there is joy
among the angels of God over your soul
pentient and forgives.

My subject also strikes at the delusion
that the religion of Christ is glorous and
grief infusing. The music that broke
through the midnight heavens was not a
direc, but an anthem. It shook joy over
the hills. It not only dropped upon the
abspherds, but it sprang upward among the
through the midnight. The Christian life is
not made up of weoping and cross bearing
and were waging. Through the reveision of
that Christians night I find that religion is
note from, but a seen. In a world of sin

have trouble; but in the darkest night the beavens part with ancelic song. You may, like Paul, be shipwrecked, but I exhert you to be of good cheer, for you shall all escape safe to the land. Religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face and the cut of the garb. The Pharines who puts his religion into his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fratfulness and complaining do not belong to the family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements the heart when the devil moves out. Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. It is not a cynic, it is not shrewd, it chokes no isughter, it quenches no light, it defaces no art. Among the happy, it is the happlest. It is just as much at home on the pity-ground as it is in the church. It is just as graceful in the charade as it is in the paim book. It sings just as well in Surry gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live. Christ walked that we might ride. Christ wept that we might laugh.

Again my subject impresses me with the fact that glorious endings sometimes have very humble beginnings. The straw palate was the starting point, but the shout in the midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's

midnight sky revealed what would be the glorious consummation. Christ on Mary's lap, Christ ou the throne of universal dominion—what an humble starting! What a glorious ending! Grace begins on a small scale in the heart. You see only men as trees walking. The grace of God in the heart is a feble spark, and Christ has to keep both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble heafuning. Hut look at that same both hands over it lest it be blown out. What an humble beginning! But look at that same man when he has entered heaven. No crown able to express his royalty. No palace able to express his wealth. No scepter able to express his power and his dominion. Drinking from the fountain that drips from the everlasting Rock. Among the harpers harping with their harps. On a see of elass mineled with fire. Hefore the throne class mingled with fire. Before the throne of God, to go no more out forever. The spark of grace that Christ had to keep both hands over lest it come to extinction, hav-ing flamed up into honor and glory and im-mortality. What humble starting! What

glorious consummation!
The New Testament church was on a small scale. Fishermen watched it. Against the uprising walls crashed infernat enginery The world said anathema.

Ten thousand people rejoiced at every seeming defeat, and said: "Aha! sha! so we would have it." Martyrs on fire cried: "How long. O Lord, how long." Very humble starting, but see the difference at the consummation, when Christ with his almighty arm has struck off the last chain of human bondage. and

chain of human bondage, and Himalaya shall be Mount Zion; and Pyronees, Moriah; and oceans, the walking place of him who trod the wave cliffs of stormed Tiberias, and Island shall call to island, sea to sea, continent to continent, and, the song of the world's redemp-tion rising, the heavens, like a great sound-ing board, shall strike back the shout of salvation to the earth until it rebounds again to the throne of God, and all heaven, again to the throne of God, and an inverse, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. Oh, what an humble be-ginning! What a glorious ending! Throne linked to a manger, heavenly man-

sions to a stable.

My subject also impresses me with the effect of Christ's mission upward and downward. Glory to God, peace to man. When God sent his son into the world, angels discovered something new in God, something they had never seen before. Not power, not wisdom, not love. They knew all that before. But when God sent his son into this world then the angels saw the spirit of self denial in God, the spirit of self angels in God. Its teacher of self sacrifice in God. It is easier to love an angel on his throne than a thief on the cross, a seraph in his worship than an adultress in her crime. his worship than an adultress in her crime. When the angels saw God—the God who would not allow the most insignificant angel in heaven to be hurt—give up his Son, his Son, his only, only Son, they saw something that they had never thought of Defore, and I do not wonder that when Christ started out on that pligrimage the angels in heaven clapped their wings in triumph and called on all the bare of

triumpt and called on all the hosts of heaven to help them celebrate it, and sang so loud that the Hethlehem shepherds heard it: "Glory to God in the highest." But it was also to be a mission of peace to man. Infinite holiness—accumulated deto man. Infinite holiness—accumulated de-prayity. How could they ever come togeth-er! The Gospel bridges over the distance. It brings God to us. It takes us to God. God in us, and we in God. Atonement! Atonement! Justice satisfied, sins forgiven, eternal life secured, heaven huilt on

But it was also to be the pacification of all individual and international animosities What a sound this word of peace had in the Roman empire that boasted of the number ple it had massacred, that prided itself on the number of the slain, that re joiced at the trembling provinces. Sicily and Corsica and Sardinia and Mrcedonia and Egypt had bowed to her sword and crouched at the cry of her war eagles. She gave her chief honor to Sciplo and Fabius and Cæsar-all men of blood. What conter they must have had there for the penniless unarmed Christ in the garb of a Nazarene starting out to conquer all nations. There never was a place on earth where that word never was a place on earth where that word peace sounded so offensively to the ears of the multitude as in the Roman empire. They did not want peace. The greatest music they ever heard was the clanking chains of their captives. If all the blood that has been shed in battle could be gathered together it would upbear a navy. The club that struck Abel to the earth has its echoe in the butcheries of all ages. Edmund Burke, who gave no wild statistics. mund Burke, who gave no wild statistics, said that there had been spent in slaughter thirty-five thousand millions of dollars, or what would be equal to tost; but he had not seen into our times, when in our own day, in America, we expended three thou-sand millions of dollars in civil war.

Oh if we could now take our position on some high point and see the world's armies march past! What a spectacle it would be! There go the hosts of Israel strough a score of Red seas—one of water, the rest of blood. other words, that man sees most of God and beaven who minds his own business. We all have our posts of duty, and standing there God appears to us. We are all shepherds or shepherdesses, and we have our flocks of cares and annoyances and anxieties, and we must tend to them.

We sometimes hear very good people say:
"If I had a month or a year or two to do nothing but attend to religious things, I would be a great deal better than I am with groves of flowering caoso. There fragrant with vanilla and covered over with groves of flowering caoso. There goes the great Frenchman, leading his goes the great Frenchman, leading his army down through Egypt like one of its plaguos, and up through Egypt like one of its own icy blasts. Yonder is the grave trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruins of Delhi and Allahabad.

trench under the shadow of Sebastopol. There are the ruiss of Delhi and Allahabad. and yonder are the inhuman Sepoys and the brave regiments under Havelock avenging the insulted flag of Britain; while cut right through the heart of my native land is a trench in which there lie one million northern and southern dead.

Oh, the tears! Oh, the blood! Oh, the long marches! Oh, the bospital wounds! Oh, the death! But brighter than the light which flashed on all these shields and musketry is the light that fell on Bethelem, and louder than the bray of the trumpets, and the neighing of the chargers, and the crash of the walls, and the groaning of the dying armies, is the song that unrolls this moment from the sky, sweet as though all the bells of heaven rung a jubilee. "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Oh, when will the day come—God hasten it!—when the swords shall be turned into plowshares, and the fortresses shall be remedied into churches, and the men of blood battling for renownshall become good soldlers of Jesus Christ, and the cannon now striking down whole columns of death shall thunder the victorice of truth. of death shall thunder the victories of truth.

Whon we think of the whole world saved we are apt to think of the few people that now inhabit it. Only a very few, exampled with the populations to come. And what a small part outlivated. Do you know it has been authentically estimated that three fourths of Europe is yet all becrounces, and that nine hundred and nineary one one-thousendth part of the entire giobe

blood of numan sacrince, and ing through the anake infested of Africa Christ's keel will the acroent's bead. Oh, when the of salvation shall be sounded eve and the nations are redeemed, a li and the nations are redeemed, a light will fall upon every town brighter than that which fell upon Bethlahem, and more overwhelming than the song that foll on the pasture fields where the flocks fed, there will be a song louder than the voice of the storm lifted cosms, "Glory to God in the highest," and from all nations and kindred and people and tongues will come the response, "And on earth peace, good will toward men!" On this Christmas eve I bring you good tid-ings of great toy. Parton for all ain, comings of great joy. Pardon for all sin, com-fort for all trouble and life for the dead. Shall we now take this Christ into our hearts! The time is passing. This is the closing of the year. How the time speeds by. Put your hand on your heart—one, two, three. Three times less it will beat. Life is passing like gazelles over the plain.
Sorrows hover like patrels over the sea.
Death awoops like a vulture from the
mountains. Mistery rolls up to our ears
like waves. Heavenly songs fall to us like

I wish you a merry Christmas, not with worldly dissipations, but merry with Gosper gladness, merry with pardoned sin, merry with hope of reunion in the skies with all your loved ones who have preceded you. In that grandest and best sense a merry Christmas.

And God grant that in our final moment

And God grant that in our final moment we may have as bright a vision as did the dying girl when she said: "Mother"— pointing with her thin white hand through the window—"Mother, what is that beautiful land out yonder beyond the mountains, the high mountains!" "Oh," said the mother, "my darling, there are no mountains within sight of our home." "Oh.

mother, "my darling, there are no moun-tains within sight of our home." "Oh, yes," she said, "don't you see them—that beautiful land beyond the mountains out there, just beyond the high mountains. The mother looke! down into the face of her dying child and said: "My dear, I think that must be heaven that you see." "Well, then," she said, "father, you come, and with your strong arms carry me over those mountains into that beautiful land beyond the high mountains." "No," said the weeping father, "my darling, I can't go with you." "Well," she said, clapping her hands, "never mind, I see youder a shining one coming. the is coming now, in his strong arm carry me over the mountains to the bea ful land-over the mountains, over ful land--over high mountains!

#### TRIPOLI IN TWILIGHT.

The Turkish Town as Seen From the Harbor at Sunset.

At twilight, Tripoli, the last Turkish town of Northern Africa, outlines itself faintly then disappears in dusky haze. One by one the stars come into lu-minous life until the heavens are all a twinkling blaze; the sea, murmuring ever her soft and vague refrain, sleeps with the transparency of a mirror, flecked here and there with fugitive traces of phosphorescence. In the morning we enter an open space pomp-ously called harbor: no forest of masts, hardly three or four ships at anchor and involuntarily our thoughts trave to far away natal lands and contrast their busy scenes with this African torpor. In the profound silence, the most trifling sounds of earth are heard with perfect distinctness. At a few cables lengths Tripoli, shimmering in a luminous atmosphere, smiles at us in her matinal parure; she is circled with an oasis of palms studded with hundreds of domes and minarets that the rising sun kindles into dots of scintillating light: behind old Spanish walls the ag inst a sky of amethyst: the slightest details are visible, and all touches one with a penetrating charm. It is the eternal enchantment of the cities of the Orient seen at a distance: but alas! set foot within them, the illusion vanishes and disgust seizes you. They are like beautiful bodies having the appearance of life but within which the worm of death and decay eats ceaselessly. It is related of a tante that, during his sojourn at Con-stantinople, he contented himself with admiring the marvellous aspect of the city from the deck of his yacht, refusing to go ashore, lest closer acquaint-ance would bring disillusions too cruel. He was right; the Orient of dreams and poesy is not the Orient of reality; magic appearances conceal the desolate spectacle of a society arrived at the last limits of decadence. - From 'Tripoli of Barbary,"-A. F. Jacassy,

No Polsopous Insects, Sorpents or Plants. While discussing venomous reptiles, says Forest and Stream, it will perhaps not be out of place to all a little information, which seems to me re-markable and which will be news to nearly all who live east of the mount ains. When I arrived on Puget Sound I was informed that there vere neither poisonous serpents, iusects nor plants on the shores or islands of the Sound. Having never seen a place entirely devoid of poison-ous animal or vegetable life I was rather inclined to doubt the assertion, though assured by many old settlers, as well as new, that such was the case. However, a careful investigation since then has convinced me that it is true. In all my hunting and fishing expeditions I have never seen a specimen of poisonous reptile, in-sect or plant. I notice an entire ab-sence of both poison oak and ivy, which I have heretofore encountered wherever I have been. As far as I can learn, what I have said in regard to Puget Sound also holds true of al the country lying west of the Cascade

in January Scribner.

Smart College Youths.

The college boys have been having little fun with a new instructor, who tried to discipline them by hurting their pride. Their composition were not of the high literary merit that he desired, so one day a package of finish-ed productions was handed them for careful examination and upon which to model their future efforts. The compositions were by students in a western college. When they were returned they bore annotations, as for instance: "Oh, rats," "Chestnuts, Professor," etc. Teaching by object lessons has been discarded in this de-

partment.—New Haven Palladium.

The terror has made an unsuccessful attempt to climb up the chimney, and his father discovers him covered with soot. He greets him after the following formula:

"You young rascal! What in the world have you been up to now?"

"Up the chimney, pape."

"Up the chimney, pape."

"Tes, papa. I wanted to put this sign (exhibits sign, bearing the following: "ples or Santer Claws don forged Litel willie paper cale I m A terror but memor libes me') en top of the achimney." "Whitefalmit Ir.